

## Forces

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# Funeral Pyre

Molly Boyce

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## the day after

Molly Boyce

cows stranded  
on high ground,  
that memory  
pervasive and clear,  
divines my soul  
  
blue flash of light,  
another transformer gone,  
then endless black night  
as the beginning of man  
living from sun to sun  
  
through the days  
of fecal matter,  
mass humanity,  
fear, hopelessness,  
curfews, and silence  
  
cries go unheeded,  
*answered one by one*  
in the slow exact  
eradication of humans  
by natural cause

## Funeral Pyre

Molly Boyce

my mouth is dry from  
useless talk and grinding  
teeth grate my tongue  
Julia cried her crocodile  
tears for all to see  
as Daddy passed in his box  
of walnut-stained pine  
draped with gladiolas, rose and iris,  
flowers he never liked  
  
the limo, ancient,  
sputtering oil fumes  
and grime down the lane  
between Garner and Portia,  
who knew their names?  
silent moments forgotten,  
*dusk in an open field*  
tragic endings  
etched in stone

the crowd was sparse  
standing cold in the black rain  
shadows of sorrow lingered  
around our feet,  
blackbirds pattered  
on wood and steel,  
men in black with carnations,  
mingled tears  
mist-covered grave  
  
the petal compost lingers,  
sod risen mound of gloom  
and there he is-  
his presence in the dark  
filling my heart,  
flooding my mind,  
*a velvety butterfly over*  
cotton bloomed fields  
alights atop the stone